



N. S. Macdonnell, F. Stidwill, J. H. McQuarrie, M. N. Omond,  
The Intercollegiate Debating Champions, 1906-1907.



VOL. XXXIV

MARCH 1st, 1907.

No. 9

## **Torkom.**

### ***The Story of a Struggle Against Odds.***

#### CHAPTER II.

##### TORKOM'S PARENTAGE.

THE village of Kara-Hissar stands under the lee of the northern range of hills in the valley dug out by the ancient Meander as it worked its way from the high plateau of Central Asia Minor to the sea. The Mendéré is now a small and insignificant stream wandering about through a wide plain, on both sides of which stand irregular chains of hills, once, no doubt, the banks of a majestic river. The railway follows the stream for many miles. The descent from the plateau to the plain is abrupt, down the rocky slopes of picturesque mountain sides. Occasionally the track crosses the bed of the small but now turbulent stream as it hastens by a more direct and precipitous path to the plain below. At the foot of the mountain is a little stone mill, the roof barely six feet high. A small stream, turned from the main channel of the Mendéré, pours in through a chute cut from a hollow log, and turns in its fall a large block of granite, flat and round as a cart wheel. And as this block turns on another one below it, it grinds to powder the grain that pours in through a hole in the centre. So, in the east between the upper and the nether mill-stone, do people grind corn, and governments grind people.

A little beyond the mill the train draws up at a station standing alone in the plain. The name is prominent in Turkish and in French. A picturesque limestone building with waiting room and telegraph office, flanked by a little garden and a pump, is the only building in sight; although well cultivated gardens have lined both sides of the railway ever since we left the mountains. But on the north side of the valley, half an hour's walk from the station is Kara-Hissar, once a prospering town, the centre of an agricultural district, but now only a cluster of about eighty small frame houses, none boasting more than a single story above the stable, plastered outside and in with a mixture of mud and straw. Here many years ago Torkom was born, the fifth child of poor parents. His father, a miller by trade, was however a very frugal and businesslike man. He had never learned to read or write, but he had a good memory and was quick at

figuring as his father had been before him. Indeed, when Torkom was born, the old man himself still lived to take an interest in the workings of the mill which we just passed and which he himself had built. Let us pay a visit to the old homestead as it was in the year Torkom was born.

The railway has not yet come, so we find ourselves squatted on the boards of a narrow oxcart, whose ungreased wheels seem each to squeak in a different key. Ordinary oxen do not pull us, but a pair of water-buffaloes,<sup>1</sup> strong black beasts with huge shoulders and wide spreading horns. Our arabaji<sup>2</sup> sits cross-legged, tailor fashion, in front, and prods the animals with a pointed stick that serves both as a whip and as a guiding rein. Gradually our road bears to the northern side of the valley, and we get out and hasten up the little slope on which stands the village, while the araba toils slowly up behind. The mud walls of the houses close upon us as we enter the narrow main street, with no sidewalk, the cobblestones loose, filled between with water, mud and lime, the gutter running down the centre. Children, and hens, and dogs, and geese are all in our way, while the women, old and young, sit at their doorsteps spinning wool or grinding coffee and gossiping in shrill tones. Their costume is picturesque; above a waist, below the shalvar,<sup>3</sup> with the bare-feet sticking out of its corners, while its ample folds swing loosely, unless tucked up when there is work to do. The women cover their heads with a yazma or head kerchief, knotted above the forehead, while the hair hangs in braids behind, for here the grown-ups display the glory of their long locks, while wisely the little girls who play in the mud have theirs done up in a tight little knot on the head. The men, lords of creation in the East, have bright colored shirts covered with a blue sleeveless jacket, bright with gold braid, and shalvars, baggy to the knees but close fitting below, their feet shod in pointed and high heeled shoes. A flashing red girdle under the jacket, wrapped round and round the waist and often up to the armpits, completes the costume, except for the red fez which is the insignia of all subjects of the Turkish Empire.

At the low door of one of the poorer houses we stop. A woman is sitting on the door-step knitting, her listless air and pinched face in strong contrast to the intelligent black eyes that peer wonderingly at us. She has submitted to her fate, but her spirit is not altogether broken, she is capable of greater things. She welcomes us with shy dignity and calls her husband Hovhannes to do us honor. And as we step over the doorsill onto the bare but clean swept earthen floor inside, she picks two babies out of our way and deposits them elsewhere to sit and play with their toes and at times to cry, until their mother is ready to take them up and feed them. Hovhannes leads us towards the back of the room where there is a raised platform. Here we all take off our shoes, a more difficult task for us than for our host, for his shoes are low and loose. We also remove our hats, though we notice that all the natives keep their fezes on always, except when sleeping or when at prayers. The raised platform on which we now find our-

1. Water-buffalo, Turk gomeshe, The "kine" of Pharaoh's dream. 2. Araba-wagon; arabaji driver.

3. Shalvar-skirt, the edges sewed together at the bottom to form a bag.

selves covers half the floor of the single room that forms the house. The walls were evidently whitewashed when the house was first put up, but are now covered with dust and smoke. A few ugly pictures and some fantastic needlework are the only ornament. That pile of quilts in the corner is the bedding, for all are to sleep in this room on the floor.

An old man, his stockinged feet drawn up under the folds of an ample dressing gown, is seated on the *sedir*<sup>1</sup> by one of the small windows. He moves as if to rise and give his guests the seat of honor in the corner, but we press him not to move, and seat ourselves by his side. "He is our baba, our grandfather," explains our host. And as he sits there with toil-worn hands, his face surrounded by white hair as by a halo, he reminds one of the old patriarchs who toiled when young for the bread of their children, and when old lived to guide, comfort and bless those who now toiled for them. And so Ghazar Baba now rules with patriarchal dignity and wisdom over a household composed of his two sons, his daughters-in-law, and thirteen grandchildren. His days of usefulness as a bread-winner are now almost over, though he is loath to believe so, but he will still live for many years to be a guide and an inspiration to his little grandchildren and great grandchildren.

While we are sitting on the *sedir* talking, a handsome woman enters, her costume gayer than ordinary and her hair and bosom covered with tinsel and a few gold and silver coins. She is the *harss*,<sup>2</sup> who has come to wash our feet. So she puts down her basin before us, and removing our stockings, pours water over our feet from a brass pitcher and wipes them with a towel which she has flung over her shoulder. And then she goes away, and a low stool is brought and is placed in the centre of the floor. A large cloth is cast over this, and on top is put a brass tray covered with a simple but abundant repast of corn-bread, onions, *keufté*, and *madzoon*,<sup>3</sup> that were prepared over a fire that burns on the earthen floor of the other half of the room. So we squat on the floor all around the table and drawing the table cloth over our knees as a napkin, fall to. Three tin forks have been found in the village for the guests; the rest of the family, those of them who can squeeze around the table, eat with their fingers. But for the *madzoon*, everybody has a wooden spoon and we all eat out of the one dish in the centre.

In such surroundings Torkom grew up. He played prisoner's base in the narrow streets, and flew kites, and played marbles; and when he was old enough to be into mischief at home, he was sent to the village school, where he learned to sit on the floor with twenty other boys of his own size, doing nothing or worse, all day long; while the teacher, who was also reader, in the church, taught the bigger boys the elements of reading and figuring.

1. *Sedir*—sofa or couch running the length of the room.

2. *Harss*—bride, the most recently married woman in a family. She remains *harss* until another is married into the household. The parents of a girl save up her dowry and prepare her wedding clothes from the day of her birth. That is why even the poorest has a comparatively rich dowry.

3. *Keufté*—a sort of hash done up in the form of balls. *Madzoon* (Arm.), perhaps more familiar by its Turkish name *Yoghoort*—a sort of curded milk; a staple food in Turkey.

while he filled up the spare time by teaching them the elements of Christian doctrine and the chants to be sung in the Church on the following Sunday. But Torkom found this life a weariness to the flesh, so when his mother sent him to school he would run away and play cards with bigger boys and smoke dirty cigarettes and think he was a man. And then his father set him to herd the cattle of the village and his grandfather taught him to save up the one piastre a week which this brought him, for he knew the value of five cents a week. And so Torkom would lie on his back in the fields all day long and dream.

But one day the missionary came. His skin was fair, and he wore strange clothes, and couldn't speak, at least he spoke a strange tongue that no one could understand. And Torkom and all the other naughty little boys ran after him with unconcealed curiosity. And then they began throwing stones and calling the missionary names, because the priest had told them that he was the messenger of Satan. And Torkom's mother and father were sorry for the Missionary, but dared not interfere. They wondered what could have brought him here; but the old man said, "He is a man like ourselves. Perhaps he has lost his way, or perhaps he is crazy. But he has done us no harm, why should we molest him? If he comes to our house let us take him in and treat him as a guest." And when the mother hinted of witchcraft and the evil-eye, Ghazar Baba calmed their fears by assuring her that the crucifix and their blue beads would keep them from harm. And when she feared the resentment of the priest, he said, "Der Mugerditch<sup>1</sup> has not seen as much of the world as I have."

And so it came about that the Missionary came to Torkom's home, and because his presence promised to the boy freedom from the tyranny of priest and schoolmaster, Torkom sought his side. And when his mother said, "Torkom is a bad boy; he will break my heart;" the Missionary patted him on the head and said, through his interpreter, "He is a bright little boy. Let him come to school with me and we will make a man of him." And because he knew the world, Ghazar Baba said, "Let the child go. He will become a great man and will bring honor to our village." The father also was persuaded and let the boy go. But the mother was afraid, for the priest had told her that he would now become an American which was worse than becoming a Catholic, for the Catholics worship the Pope but the Americans worship the devil and drink whiskey and do not believe in the Bible. But the father did not know what the priest had said, for he seldom went to church and his wife dared not challenge his authority at home, so the boy stayed away for three years, because the school was distant five day's journey on horseback, and the roads were dangerous. We may still see the place where some years later the Missionary and his servant were shot for the gold for which they were supposed to carry about in their saddle bags.<sup>2</sup> But Ghazar Baba died while Torkom was away at school.

1. Der—father, lord. The title of a priest. Mugerditch (proper noun)—Baptist.

2. The place is not far from where these lines are being written. Murders of foreigners used to occur occasionally. They are now almost unknown. But the cold-blooded murder of Armenians by Turks is frequent. Retaliation occasionally occurs and always brings punishment, swift and severe, not only upon the Armenian avenger but upon his luckless friends and neighbors.

and Hovhannes, Torkom's father, was shot by Turks when he was returning from a neighboring village with a load of grain to be ground at his mill. So Torkom's older brothers took charge of the mill, but could not pay the fifty-five dollars a year which would keep him at school and he had to come home. He had learned to read and write well and to keep accounts, so he opened a shop and sold city-made articles such as had not before been seen at Kara-Hissar. And he prospered exceedingly, more especially when the railway came. Then his proud mother began to seek a suitable wife for him, and when she found a maiden to her liking, she called in her friends and neighbors to witness the engagement ceremony. But days of sadness tread hard upon the heels of mirth in this land. Torkom's engagement was yet the interest of the town, when the wave of fanaticism and murderous greed described in the previous chapter broke over the simple people. Torkom's brother merchants were nearly all killed; he was left for dead; his business was destroyed; his betrothed was carried away captive by pitiless hands, and he awoke from the stupor of his wounds to curse the day that had given him birth.

(To be Continued.)

### *The Ideal Life.*

BY PROFESSOR WATSON, LL.D.

*Matthew, V., 48: "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."*

THESE words express the ideal of the Christian life. They set before our minds a standard of duty that seems to be absolutely and forever beyond our reach. Conscious as we all are of our sins and limitations, how can we dare even to aspire after it? Will not the infinite altitude to be scaled call up in us an emotion of hopelessness and despair, and paralyze our best efforts? Were the ideal set before us finite; were we simply told to make the most of our natural powers, to equip ourselves at all points for the work of life, to acquire the knowledge and practical experience that go to make the good citizen, and to adorn ourselves with the graces of culture and refinement; we should feel that, although much was expected of us, we yet were not commanded to realize the unrealizable. But no such limited ideal is presented to us. To be perfect is to attain the infinite. Is it not, then, worse than presumption for a weak and erring mortal to aim at infinity? In the idea of the faultless perfection of God are embodied all the highest elements which the united thought of our race has been able to conceive; and not only so, but we are conscious that in our best moments we cannot grasp even in idea all that is implied in the perfection of God. It includes an absolutely holy will—a will in which there is no conflict, no disharmony, no evil, but only the free and spontaneous expression of goodness. It implies an infinite tenderness, that admits no faintest taint of selfishness, no harsh or discor-

dant note to mar its faultless harmony. It means an intellectual vision that flashes over all the heights and depths of being; a vision that sees the whole universe at a glance, and is free from the haze of the past, and the unrealized vacuity of the future. The realization of perfection, as thus conceived, is manifestly impossible for man.

Yet, is there not a sense in which the ideal of infinite perfection is not altogether unattainable? Nay, is there not a sense in which it is attainable just because it is infinite? The ideal of the Greek was a finite ideal. It consisted in the perfect flexibility, grace and symmetry of the body; in culture and refinement; and in simple devotion to one's own country. Such an ideal is not to be despised. It contains in germ the higher ideal of Christianity, for it is the glory of our religion that it has absorbed into itself all the higher elements of the ethnic religions, and expanded them to infinity. What the best minds of Greece conceived to be the true life of man Christianity accepts, but it gives to it a new and higher meaning. The Greek was not wrong in attaching importance to the perfection of the body, and in viewing physical training as essential to the production of the efficient citizen. He was not wrong in saying that knowledge and culture and refinement help to lift a man above the grossness of sense. Nor was he wrong in his devotion to the state. The weakness of Greek civilization lay rather in this, that it put culture in place of duty, the life of refinement for the life of the spirit; and therefore it never grasped the principle which enables man to be a "fellow-worker with God." Not every one has by nature a strong and healthy body, which he can train to flexibility and grace. Not every one can live the life of the scholar, or throw himself untrammelled into affairs of state. Therefore the civilization of Greece, with all its brilliancy, raised up an impassable barrier between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, the cultured and the uncultured, between master and slave, man and woman. The very same people that has bequeathed to the race faultless products of art, and that first taught the world the meaning of a political constitution, degraded the sacredness of womanhood, and desecrated humanity in "the slave, the scourge, the chain!" And all this arose from its finite ideal of human life—an ideal that was attainable, not by all men, but only by the few who were privileged in birth, in culture and in the possession of worldly goods. The wisdom of the Greek was, in St. Paul's language, "in word, not in power." Even the universal benevolence of later Stoicism, which in form seems so similar to the Christian idea of universal brotherhood, was in its spirit essentially different; for the Stoic was tainted with a personal pride in his own righteousness, and a haughty disdain of others. His cosmopolitanism arose rather from self-isolation, indifference and contempt than from love. Christianity, on the other hand, strikes at the roots of all self-righteousness, by presenting, as what the divine man in us demands, the standard of absolute perfection. Thus it breaks down the middle-wall of partition between Jew and Gentile, Greek and barbarian, bond and free. Whether free or in chains, a man may be the Lord's free man. The ideal is not to be found realized in the princes of this world,

but in him who is of a humble and contrite spirit. The work of a man is not to be measured by his attainments or his social position, but by the measure in which the Holy Spirit dwells in him. The ideal is not culture and refinement, but "holiness unto the Lord." A man whose bodily presence may be weak and contemptible, and whose language may be rude and ungrammatical, may yet be realizing the ideal; while the man of culture, in his pride and vain-glory, is immersed in the life of the flesh. Have we not all experienced a saving feeling of humiliation in the presence of some simple, self-denying Christian, who unconsciously showed us by his example what it is to "walk in the spirit?" It is not what we do or acquire that constitutes true religion, but the spirit in which we live. Thus we get some idea how the chasm between the infinite and finite is bridged. We become "perfect even as our Father which is in heaven is perfect," just in so far as we abandon our self-seeking, natural self, and give entrance into our hearts to the spirit of God, so that it may "flow through our deeds and make them pure." Is it not true that it is our sins, and nothing else, that separate us from God? When we open our hearts to His influence light from heaven pours its radiance into our souls, and summons into being the consciousness of what in our inmost nature we really are. Then it is that the veil of sense is rent in twain, and we have a vision of that perfection which is summed up and realized in God.

The perfection, then, of which our Lord spoke consists in a sanctified will. The simplest task that is done in the right spirit is a means of realizing it. But while this is true, we must not make it a pretext for sitting down in indolence, as if we had attained or were already perfect. Responsibility grows with privilege. The ideal is complete realization, perfection, and nothing short of that must be our constant aim. He who means to take his place in the community as a leader or teacher of men, must test himself by a more exacting standard than others. More is demanded of those who have exceptional advantages and privileges, than can be expected from those who share less in the gifts of God. They are in a great measure free from the anxieties and cares that furrow the brow, and sadden the heart of many: they are free to appropriate the garnered wisdom of the ages, and therefore it is their duty, as well as their privilege, to "search for knowledge as for hidden treasure," and to aim at the development of the higher faculties which minister to the good of others.

Matthew Arnold has told us that "conduct is three-fourths of life." He should rather have said that in one sense it is the *whole* of life. There is no form of human activity that may not minister to the growth of the spiritual life; there is none that may not lead to spiritual death. Religion takes hold of man at all points. It must not be limited in its sovereignty to what is called practical life; in fact the distinction of the theoretical from the practical life, however useful as a rough generalization, has no ultimate basis in the nature of things. There is will present in all the modes in which man realizes himself; will, in fact, is the man himself. The man of science is not turning away from God because he is engaged in the study of what we

cali nature. The visible world is not the highest manifestation of God, but it does manifest Him. "O God," said the reverent Kepler, "I think Thy thoughts after Thee!" The material universe is not a dead machine, but, to him who has a mind to think and a heart to feel, it is saturated with the life and love of the Father. It was one of the false ideas of the middle ages, that to study nature was to turn away from the life of holiness. This separation of nature from God is but a disguised form of atheism. Nature is His visible garment. It is the great temple which enshrines the living God. The "cathedral of immensity" has been fashioned by Our Father, and its use is not to hide but to reveal Him. The innumerable host of heaven which he has "hung aloft the night," reflect the radiance of His countenance. The ordered harmony and law which join together in the nicest bonds the infinitely small and the stupendously great, the nearest with the most remote, are but the outward form which His shaping intelligence has imposed. In the immeasurable stretches of space, thick with stars, and in the eternal procession of the years, are reflected the infinity of the Ancient of Days. To him who stands with bowed head, in the contemplation of this spectacle of infinite sublimity, comes an emotion of awe and reverence which testifies that he is in the presence of the Most High. Nature does not conceal God from the devout mind, but reveals His majesty. And the perfect organic unity which pervades all nature is a type of that perfection of bodily organism at which it is our duty to aim. Our bodies must be made a "temple of the Holy Ghost." The Greek erred in making perfection of bodily grace an end in itself; but it is the rediscovery of a truth that had been for long obscured and almost lost, that religion demands the utmost care for our physical well-being. The perverted religiosity of the mediaeval monk is contrary to the ideal of the Christian life. It was but a refined form of egoism, or at least a misconception, which led him to practice self-mortification for its own sake. At any rate it is a higher form of Christian faith to reverence that delicate instrument of the spirit which is one of the precious gifts of God.

But if perfection of the body is an end which we ought diligently to seek, how much more ought we to strive for a true insight into the nature of things! Here again we must get rid of the mediaeval taint that is apt to infect our idea of the Christian life. Religion is not limited to the symbols of Christian fellowship or to the performance of certain ordinances, although these are important in helping to keep alive its sacred flame. We must learn to include in our conception all the activities by which, in realizing ourselves, we seek to attain to perfection. Christianity does not allow of any opposition of secular and sacred. None of the modes in which, in the true spirit, we realize our self-consciousness is "common or unclean." The mediaeval idea, for instance, that to devote oneself to the study of society and the state is to turn away from the religious life, is a blasphemy against God, who in the self-conscious intelligence of man expresses His essence. In every discovery of a law of nature we deepen our consciousness of the infinite wisdom of God. The more thoroughly we comprehend the constitution of the state, the better are we able to love our brother, and to pro-

mote his well-being. At no time perhaps in the history of the world has it been so incumbent upon us to study the laws of society. The reign of caste and privilege is over, happily never to return. The voice of God, speaking in thunder through civil wars and revolutions, or gently in the gradual and peaceful development of industry and commerce, has at last convinced all men who think and feel that the foundation of a permanent state is the Christian law of love. Theoretically at least we admit this truth, however we may violate it in practice. In the earlier ages, and especially in the far East, it seemed to be of divine appointment that one man should enslave a whole people, and use them as instruments of his selfishness and lust of power. Greece and Rome taught our race that some at least must curb the despotic sway of one, and that every citizen has his inalienable rights and privileges. The Teutonic race, accepting our Christian faith, grasped the idea that the state is for the good of all, not of one, or even of some. But very much yet remains to be done in the practical application of this idea. It is only now that the claims of those who toil and spin, spending their strength to supply others with food and raiment, and all the appliances that set them free to devote themselves to other tasks, have begun to receive the attention they deserve. It is to the shame of us all, that we have been so reluctant to listen to their just claims; and even now we think much more of the means by which we or our party are to be kept in power, than of the ends of government. Too often, in recklessness or selfishness we legislate for a few, not for all. We forget that the end of the state is to enable every man—not the "greatest number," but every man—to realize the best that is in him. If it is necessary, for the highest development of our race, that so many men should be devoted to hard, wearing, mechanical occupations, at least our religion demands of us that we who aspire to lead and to teach should spare no pains to understand the structure of society, and to devise more perfect forms of social and political life where the present forms are decaying or effete or inadequate. In securing such knowledge, provided only we hold it, as we ought to hold all things, as a sacred trust to be used in furthering the well-being of all, we shall be preparing ourselves for the crisis when we are called upon to act.

In the same spirit of love let all our studies be carried on. If we come to them in the right way, science, literature, and art will bring us ever nearer to a comprehensive view of the mind of God. For, in tracing the growth of these delicate products of self-conscious energy, we shall find that, taught of God, men have been attaining to ever deeper insight and an ever greater fulness of spiritual utterance. But here, as in all other cases, indolence and vanity and indifference may destroy all the value of the lesson. Let us be rid of the superficial notion, that the only use of literature and art is to give us more agreeable sensations. Dante tells us that the writing of his *Divina Commedia* "made him lean for many years." Every great work of genius is the fruit of immense toil, unwearied patience, and unselfish devotion. How then can we, with our feebler imagination and our immature intellect, expect to learn without effort the lesson which the masters have toiled so hard to acquire?

But it cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that the Christian ideal cannot be realized at all unless in all our seeking we are seeking after God. Without the spirit of Christ the care of the body will be used as a cloak for self-indulgence, and for the neglect of our higher duties; without it increase of knowledge will only minister to self-conceit, and put in our hands a more powerful engine of evil. The study of social laws we may wrest to our own destruction and the injury of others, by using our knowledge to play on the passions, the weaknesses and the follies of others. Literature and art may become for us but food for an all-pervasive vanity, or they may be employed to titillate our mental palates, as the epicure dallies with the delicate bouquet of a rare and choice wine. Thus we shall sin against the Holy Ghost, and crucify the Lord of Glory afresh. When the higher gifts of God are made panders to selfishness, a man's soul becomes the home of unclean spirits. Let us hold before our eyes the cross of Christ. "He that loveth his life shall lose it." Let us strive in the strength of God to keep ourselves free from vice, free from self-indulgence, free from self-righteousness. We must not forget that we may be weak and selfish in our thinking as well as in our ordinary duties. We are all agreed that no man can live the higher life who sins against the great moral laws, and violates the "tender charities of husband, son or brother." But we are apt to under-estimate the more subtle temptation that comes to the solitary thinker in his search for truth. Here, as always, we must be scrupulously veracious. We must follow truth wherever it may lead us, not adopting rashly any new or popular view, but trying all things and holding fast that which is good. Thus "we shall know the truth, and the truth shall make us free." We must beware of insincerity in our thinking, no less than in our doing. No untruth, however venerable it may be by age, or with whatever false brilliancy it may seem to shine, can ever really tend to the glory of God. Such perplexities as are incidental to the quest for truth, especially in a critical age like this, we must be prepared to face manfully, as we would face the other trials of life. As time goes on life in some ways grows ever sadder and more solemn, but it may also hold in it the sacred joy of a life that is "hid with Christ in God."

There is a great word of Browning which I commend to your careful reflection:—

"I think this is the authentic sign and seal  
Of Godship, that it ever waxes glad,  
And more glad, until gladness blossoms, bursts  
Into a rage to suffer for mankind,  
And recommence at sorrow: drops like seed  
After the blossom, ultimate of all.  
Say, does the seed scorn earth and seek the sun?  
Surely it has no other end and aim  
Than to drop, once more die into the ground,  
Taste cold and darkness and oblivion there:  
And thence rise, tree-like grow through pain to joy,  
More joy and most joy,—do man good again.

By playing our part in this eternal cycle of life, death and resurrection, we shall in some measure experience what Dante means by saying that we may 'make ourselves eternal,' and that 'to live in the will of God is our peace,' *in la sua volontade è nostra pace*. Lest these wingéd words may seem too remote from practical life, let me remind you of their translation into more direct terms by a great modern poet:—

"The Future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow;  
We press still thorow,  
Nought that abides in it  
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,  
Veiled, the dark Portal;  
Goal of all mortal:—  
Stars silent rest o'er us,  
Graves under us silent!

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror,  
Comes phantasm and error;  
Perplexes the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,  
Heard are the Sages,  
The Worlds and the Ages:  
"Choose well: your choice is  
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,  
In Eternity's stillness:  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you;  
Work, and despair not."

---

In this number of the Journal we are pleased to present a cut of the Inter-Collegiate Champion Debaters for this year. Queen's has succeeded in holding the cup for another year, and the men who so ably defended the honour of our University deserve the thanks of every student,—and we gladly give it to them. To prepare for an Inter-Collegiate debate means lots of hard work and without such work success is impossible, hence the men who debate must make a considerable sacrifice especially for the final round. This year Queen's won at home from McGill and in Ottawa from Ottawa, Messrs. Stidwill, and Omond opposed McGill and Messrs. Macdonnell, and Mac-Quarrie defended our interests at Ottawa.

## Queen's University Journal

Published by the Alma Mater Society of Queen's University in Twelve Fortnightly Numbers during the Academic Year.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF - - - W. M. Hay, B.A.

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - - - R. C. Jackson.

MANAGING EDITOR - - - E. Hanna.

### DEPARTMENTS:

LADIES, - - - (Miss M. Clifford.  
Miss I. McInnis.  
ARTS, - - - J. M. Macgillivray.  
LITERARY, - - - A. H. Gibson.  
MEDICINE, - - - R. A. Scott, B.A.  
ALUMNI - - - A. E. Boak.

SCIENCE, - - - W. R. Rogers.  
DIVINITY, - - - R. M. Stevenson, B.A.  
MUSIC, - - - D. J. Stewart, B.A.  
ATHLETICS - - - N. S. Macdonnell.  
EXCHANGES - - - J. S. Huff.

BUSINESS MANAGER - - - H. A. Connolly, M.A.  
ASSISTANT - - - D. I. McLeod.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE—Miss Spotswood, F. Keeley, T. McGinnis.

Subscriptions \$1.00 per year; single copies 15c.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, or to the Business Manager, Queen's University, Kingston.

## Editorials.

### PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

NOW that we have a real gymnasium, now that it is being rapidly equipped with proper materials for real athletic training, now that we have a capable instructor and a medical examiner, now is the time to consider what use the University is going to make of these.

The present athletic fee is \$3, paid by every intra-mural student at registration. The sum collected this year from this source is about \$2,500. This sum is at the disposal of the Athletic Committee of the Alma Mater Society. As that Committee has full financial responsibility for the gymnasium, it has also full financial control of it, and the gymnasium bears to that Committee the same relation as any of the Athletic Clubs. The gymnasium is costing as it stands, about \$27,000. To meet this, \$7,000 was received from the old fund, the grant of the endowment committee, etc. \$20,000 is left for the A. M. S. to provide. Subscriptions to the extent of \$8,000 have been signed by professors and students, mostly in the form of five annual payments, of which \$2,000 has already been paid; so that about \$18,000 remains bearing interest, and about \$5,000 provided by subscriptions. As regards running expenses, one can speak only after some years' experience. They will vary with varying conditions. The instructor's salary is \$720: the interest due next year will amount to \$720. It is not known yet what the expense will be for light, heat, water, renewing and adding equipment. But it is estimated that \$1,600, at least, will be necessary to meet each year's expenditure, under existing conditions. The imperative thing, of course, is to lessen the capital account. It is expected that the students in the future will do their duty towards the reduction of this account, even as the present body of students have done theirs. If it could be lowered to about \$7,000, it would not be the burden on the financial ability, of the committee that it now is, and the present athletic fee of \$3, with careful financing, would be sufficient.

None of the college fees are at all commensurate with value received; were we millionaires, we could not adequately recompense those who have opened the doors of truth to us. It is contrary to the Queen's spirit to

make the fees higher than they are. Perhaps it is because we can have advantages so cheaply that we make so little use of them. The athletic fee, which gives the student free use of the gymnasium and free advantage of the instruction, is a merely nominal one; nowhere else in the country has the student the same privileges at so low a cost. But few so far have seen fit to avail themselves of them. We believe that if physical culture is to have its due place in our education, some steps must be taken in order that gymnasium work shall not be left as a matter of individual choice. If physical culture had its due place, if an interest were taken in it by a majority of the students, the athletic committee would no longer have to crook and plan to meet the bills.

No one who heard Dr. Tait McKenzie's address at the dedication of the gymnasium can doubt that the culture of the body is a necessary element in the culture and development of man. It is a culture that most of us neglect. We believe that it is the part of the university to be our mentors as regards this part of our education, even as it is their part to be our guides in our mental development.

There are two directions which this guidance can take. The first is, that every student on entering college for the first time, undergo a careful physical examination. Probably no one of us is without some defect, slight though it may be, a curvature of the spine, a weak ankle or knee, and we might all be physically stronger. Having pointed out to the student his peculiar short-coming and necessity, the matter may be left in his own hands, as to whether he shall avail himself of the curative advantages of gymnasium work. The probability is that a large proportion of those examined would so avail themselves. The second is, that the university make a certain number of hours of gymnasium work compulsory on the student, during at least two years of his college course. For this, he should receive credit just as for any class on the curriculum. We do not mean that his gymnasium work should count in place of other work, but in addition to it. There might even be an examination instituted in that work, to ensure thoroughness, as in ordinary class work. It may be thought that physical culture is not of sufficient importance to be included in a college course. We believe that the education of a strong physical organism is as essential to the man doing the world's work as a strong mental equipment. One without the other is of no avail. A man whose physical being gives out at thirty, from lack of intelligent culture, can no more do the world's work than can the ablest-bodied man, whose brain has never been exercised. It may be argued, too, that compulsion is as contrary to the Queen's spirit as are high fees; that the only necessary thing, is the cultivation of an 'intelligent public opinion' on the matter among the students. We agree. But how is that opinion to be cultivated? We are *compelled* to do many things: if we want a degree, we have to pay fees, and pass examinations: if we want to pass an examination, we have to attend the class. But these things are not looked upon as compulsory; nor, we venture, would compulsory gymnasium work. In a short time, it would become as much a matter of course as Junior English.

In a sense, too, the physical and the mental are not parts, but aspects, of a whole. The university in attending to the matter of physical culture as a part of a general course of education, would be attending to the culture of many of those qualities which are a necessary part of character, qualities which do not receive sufficient emphasis or sufficiently complete development in a course of purely mental work. It is a question of the training of the same faculties as they are exercised in different spheres of activity.

Physical training helps develop some of the most admirable qualities, both of the head and the heart, qualities by the exercise of which a man is enabled to do his work in the world. If a man is to be or do work that is significant in the world's progress, certain attributes and characteristics are indispensable. We see them in action in the men around us. Who is succeeding, whose work is significant of himself and his time? It is he who has courage, endurance, aggressiveness, he who is able to concentrate all his energy upon the present task, who is able to make quick and accurate judgment, who is able to sacrifice himself, and who can "honor while he strikes him down, The foe that comes with fearless eyes." Not one of the qualities named but is developed by physical culture and athletic games.

---

### Notes.

#### THE GERMAN CLUB.

YOU would have found it hard to discover a more interested audience than that which filled Convocation Hall last Friday evening. The German Club were entertaining their friends with a most pleasing program. Everything went off successfully, from the beginning to end, and "Heil dir" came all too soon.

The program was brief, but varied. Miss Phyllis Knight played Guig's "Norwegian March" with great acceptance; Mr. McSwain followed with a recitation from Heine, which gave proof of his marked ability as an elocutionist. Miss Hazel Massie sang "Meine Ruh' ist hin," and in response to an encore, "Ich liebe dich;" and Mr. W. D. Lowe, delighted all his hearers with his rendering of "Nach Frankreich zogen zwei Grenadier."

But the chief attraction of the evening was the little play "Die Hochzeitsreise," put on by several of the student-members. Benedix' little comedy was most skillfully interpreted, as the appreciative laughter and applause of the audience evidenced. Miss Ferguson, the "Frau Professorin," proved a most charming exponent of the household rights of women. The clear enunciation of Miss Millar, as "Guste," the maid, and of Mr. Foley as "Boots," was a very great help to those of the audience who had not a complete mastery of the language. Mr. Omond's acting, as the shy and embarrassed, but willing-Famulus, brought down the house; while Mr. Baird succeeded admirably as the "Herr Professor."

Certainly there is no more interesting and profitable method of getting a command of a foreign language than that exemplified in the production of this play. We should like ever so much to see the good example set by

the Dramatic Club and the German Club followed in other departments of language and literature. No other language has fallen into more undeserved neglect than Greek, through the short-sighted progressive (?) policy of the Education Department. It would do much to convince those "of small Latin and no Greek," could we have even a translation of "Antigone" produced;—or some other such play. We believe this suggestion is worth careful consideration.

In any case Prof. McGillivray and the German Club are much to be congratulated on the success of their evening. We trust that next session even greater things may be attempted.

---

On Saturday, March 9th, the Athletic Committee will present to the Alma Mater Society a full account of the year's work, including a statement of the cost of erecting the gymnasium. As the expenditure of something like \$30,000 will be discussed, every student should attend the meeting.

---

## *Ladies.*

AT the regular meeting of the Levana Society on Feb. 20th, Dr. Dyde delivered an illustrated lecture on Arnold Böcklin, a modern Swiss artist. The members of the Society were present in large numbers, and looked and listened with keenest interest as picture after picture was projected on the screen.

The lecturer first sketched the life of the painter, born in Basel in Switzerland in 1827. To the enthusiastic young artist, Basel with its solitude, depression, and external religiosity was flat and uninteresting, and after residing for brief periods in Weimar, Munich, Zurich and Paris, he spent some years in Rome, and quite a section of his life in Florence. In Rome he found pleasure in the society of Feuerbach, the painter, Begas, the sculptor, and Heyse, the novelist, who was his life long friend. But in the affairs of the people at large he was not interested.

"A picture which he painted of himself long afterwards at the close of his stay in Florence represents one phase of his attitude to the world. Here is how he has himself spoken. 'From what quarter shall a man to-day be incited to artistic creation? In ancient times the life itself was such a source: but to-day life suppresses all productiveness. We live so little! How do we house ourselves, for example? Why, we hardly exist, confined in a strange dwelling without light or air. Our clothing is a result of prejudice, lack of aesthetic feeling, and prudery. A family we do not have: it has us. Woman? No! She has no earnest, genuine interest. Children! At the outset much joy, but later on, struggle and care. How shall a man create? How see clearly, and express joyously? There remains *wine* only—the sole real satisfaction. It lifts us to the human. Wine helps us against life, and, in spite of it, to create. It alone bestows on one many an hour in which one forgets the whole rubbish, and believes in miracles again.' So with a wine

glass raised in his right hand, and his left arm akimbo, the artist already gray-haired, and at the very height of his power, challenges a world which understood him not.

Nor did he in his maturest years abandon a satirical mood. In 1892 he painted St. Anthony preaching energetically to the fish, and particularly to a monster shark, with piously folded fins. He laughs at the vain effort of the saint, because in a second subordinate picture, accompanying the first and painted underneath, the shark is at his old occupation of devouring the little fish. But also a fierce sword fish, whose head and sword alone are visible, is on its way to make a meal of the shark. So that, according to Böcklin, there lies somewhere a retribution for all vanity and lying."

The speaker pointed out that scenes of human life were absent from many of these pictures, that they were relatively unimportant in others, and that the persons whom he paints are sheer portraits, or allegorical figures. "To man as a personality with an individual conscious life he was indifferent," writes one of his critics. Again he was wanting in interest in natural objects. His rocks are wanting in geological structure, and his figures in anatomical accuracy. Not that he was impatient of effort, "but the object which fascinated Böcklin was not this or that special thing, but the mystery of nature, its great procession and world movement, in which sun, moon, and stars, sea, and land, and human life are all taken up. It rolls on and on, and on, as it did in ages long gone by, and will do forever; an eternally changing panorama; a ceaseless stream. . . . What catches Böcklin's imagination, and indeed fascinates him with something of the fascination exercised by a strange and even baneful creature is just this reference of the individual to the infinite, to the great world secret in which we are all involved. It is said that Böcklin insists on personality. For him personality meant such an independent feeling of kinship with nature as made one indifferent to the fashion, use, and wont of social life. To be a real person was to be in unison with the mystery of nature,—to regard it somewhat as Shelley did, 'Earth, ocean, air' as a beloved brotherhood. Freedom, too, according to a picture of Böcklin's sits on a mountain peak with an eagle in one hand, and the palm branch of independence and victory in the other, while the clouds obscure the world beneath her feet. . . . The desire to say something clearly, at times gives his pictures a distinctly allegorical cast. Take for example, 'Life is a Brief Dream,'—'Vita Somnium Breve,' (1888). How distinctly we read that all flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field. In the foreground there is the meadow of childhood, through which runs the purple stream of life having its source in mystery—the Sphinx's head—and flowing willy-nilly away into the mysterious unknown again. Into this stream of life one child casts a spring flower, and the other propped upon his little arm with an expression which foreshadows the transiency of youth watches it float far away—a symbol of a child's dream. In the middle ground a girl in a star-strewn garment with a nosegay of flowers, is leaving behind the meadow of youth and mounting the steps of life, casting a thoughtful look, a longing, lingering look behind. On the

left side and farther removed rides a knight, clothed in red, away to the wars and struggles of life, with his lance in his hand. And above in the background sits the gray-haired man, bent with the weight of years waiting the inevitable stroke of death. 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players;' 'To-morrow and to-morrow, and to-morrow creeps on this pretty pace from day to day,' is the burden of this picture.

The same idea pervades another picture, also of his later years, 'In the Summer-house,' (1891), a picture which like the 'Vita Somnium Breve' illustrates a conception which Böcklin held strongly,—that the objects of interest should be in the centre of the picture. The meaning is simple. An aged couple sit hand in hand peacefully in the summer house in spring, the warm sunshine filling all the air, and casting its flecks of shade on the walls behind them. They have passed through life together and together they wish to leave it; and there are not wanting signs not merely of resignation but of peace, especially in the face of the woman, in whose features Böcklin has reproduced those of his own wife. Stretching out on each side of them are hyacinths in bloom, and rows of tulips before them, the flowers of early spring; and the vine trained about the arbor has not yet put out its first leaves. The note of spring is in the air; but the note of spring will never more be felt or heard by this aged pair.

'Charon' contains the same thought. In the faces of the passengers in his boat we see what they have left behind them: sadness in the face of the bride torn away from those she loved; stern resolute endurance—a determination not to flinch before his hard fate, in the whole attitude of the young man for whom, too, life still held so much of promise; and undisguised relief and joy in the indistinctly drawn countenance of the aged woman in the rear. But Charon, the embodiment of the world movement, is indifferent to it all, and fills his boat with its passengers.

One other picture distinctly conveys the same lesson—namely, 'Autumn Thoughts,' (1886)—a charming picture in spite of its air of sadness. Here there is complete unison between the landscape and the figure; the quiet stream in which there is no ripple or current, the long straight stems of the trees repeated in the water—but not their branches on which as yet many leaves remain. But on the grass already many have fallen, and some are floating on the water. They are not water lilies, but the peculiar flowers of the late autumn leaves. The horizon is not the far off fancy painted horizon of spring—with its air of *Hinaus in die weite Welt*. A hill rises in the background giving not only an air of seclusion to the scene, but a certain sobriety, a suggestion that the mind may well wrap itself in its own remembrances. Back, not forward, is the word, and so the tall maiden whose blue robe is not sewn with stars or flowers stands in quiet self-communion. Something about her gathered mantle, and the droop of her head upon her hand suggests that it might have been, that something is over, that youth's a stuff will not endure. There is in the picture more than a withered leaf, there is, I fear, also a withered hope.

Associated with these pictures is a large number whose subject is Spring,

a favorite subject with Böcklin. With him it is invariably, I think, associated with youth and joy. Never in his picture of *Spring* have we what we have in *Autumn Thoughts*, a solitary sunk in thought. Spring flowers are naturally in evidence, and small naked children with wings, the buds of human life. The horizon is distant, and there is a general sense of buoyancy and expansion. But there is also an undertone and prophecy, a suggestion of the transiency of it all, and the strange mystery and perplexity of it too. According to one art critic, this picture is one of the most perfect examples of Böcklin's classic period. Observe the vertical stems of the trees with all their tops cut off by the frame of the picture, suggesting a sense of incompleteness and desire; the brook too, is there, dividing the landscape into two equal but quite different halves, suggesting the complex feeling of the artist, the distant view bringing in the perception of wide spaces. The light and shadow follow the division of the picture; on the left the dark silhouette of the trees and wall, on the right the clear meadow ground which broadens out toward the back-ground into light and air. The groups are similarly divided; on the right the tall forms of the roving maidens, with their long dresses and fully covered arms; on the left, the short, rounder lines of stooping girls with their short dresses and bare arms. The interweaving of the two parts is affected by the arm of the kneeling girl as it offers flowers to the others. The rhythm of the picture is heightened by the contrast of the main lines. The line of the wall as it drops downward towards the valley is continued by the outline of the far off hills and also by the heads and arms of the wanderers. The balance is maintained by the outstretched arm of the flower-gatherer, the bank of the stream, and the line of the mandolin.

What does this two-fold picture, this intertwining of two elements mean? Clearly the joyous present moment, and also again its transiency. Flowers bloom, meadows laugh, and maids are happy, it is true; but there is something away beyond not seen, and something away above not seen. Even the charms of youth are evanescent. If we listen, we catch two sounds: the sound of the mandolin, and the sound of the brook in the distance as it prattles its way into the valley. The three maidens who are on the way are listening to the sounds that carry them forward and away, and are not enticed to stay by the other two. Something within them answers to the call of the music of the instrument and the music of nature. The meadow laughs gaily, it is true, and its pretty flowers are well watered; but it laughs not for these women, who wander dreaming through the spring, with an eye for its passing pleasures. Who are the larger natures? Surely the sadder ones whose souls are in secret unison with the mysterious music of the spheres. So Böcklin would teach us.

The *Island of the Dead* (1880), is a picture whose colors are white, green, and black. This subject gripped Böcklin strongly, as we have seen six variations of the theme. It is one of the great merits of this picture that the impression intended to be conveyed by the painter comes over us at once: the lonely island; the cypress, the high rock with its hollow tombs, through which the wind croons its eternal dirge; the black portal into unknown gloom;

the slowly disappearing boat with its unmistakable load. It is not one soul taken to its burial, but man himself finding a strange repose and peace in the deep caverns of death. 'For the departed, whom the silent oarsman ferries through the silent flood to his gloomy resting place, there is no more thought or feeling. Upright in his shroud he stands before a coffin which is crowned. It is Milton too who sang that, 'Death, the likeness of a kingly crown had on.' Only a few strokes and the goal will be reached; the steep island of rock with its dark cypress trees. Tombs appear in the darkness of the rocky wall.' The dead man will not be alone,—he was not the first, he will not be the last to be carried to the grave.' His day's long toil is over—he may place his head upon the pillow of his mother earth, and sleep the sleep in which there are no dreams.

In *Melancholia* (1900), we have one of the very latest of his works, to understand which, it is instructive to compare it with Dürer's representation of the same theme. According to Dürer the desire for knowledge can never be fully satisfied; the more abstruse our scientific knowledge becomes, the more we heap science upon science, the less really satisfied the heart is. The spirit of man is weighed down by it, the spirit of the child is wearied with his search into books. But up and away into the wide world of nature.

There is light, and joy, and the rainbow of hope, in the ripple of the water and green of the trees, not in the hard and forbidding apparatus of science. Out in the open the bat, the bird of night will fly away, and all melancholy will vanish with it. Such is Dürer. It is different with the aged Böcklin. True, Böcklin too, bows before nature; but his soul is not filled with joy, but with melancholy and sorrow. The figure of melancholy has turned away from the couple in the back-ground, and all the common joys of life; and looks in a mirror at the pageant of nature. But the glory of nature is changed into a dark, monotonous gray in the glass. It finds in the eternal change of nature a picture of its own soul, which feels itself to be a part of nature, and has a presentiment of its own removal. Mysterious nature places its sombre mantle about the soul, whose one garment is bedecked with nature's forms, and leads it away forever.

The same general world-view pervades his religious pictures, of which there are not many. One of the most celebrated is the picture of Mary bowed over the dead body of Christ. Naturally, with Böcklin's feeling, it is the death of Christ which, more than any other fact in His career enchains his imagination, and he is painfully anxious to convince you by the terribly solid setting of the marble couch on which the body lies that he is dead indeed—snatched away like a rose plucked in its first fresh bloom. Little wonder that Mary is prostrated with a sorrow which has no limit! But yet out of the great mysterious distance, and above the heavy cloud comes some consolation. An arm of friendly invigorating red bends to the form draped in sober blue and seems to say: 'Take comfort, Death is not the king of terrors. Tie not your life and hope to any mortal, but only to the soul of the limitless universe. And then whether death come soon or late it finds us not unprepared.' It is only right to say that one critic finds in

this picture not the call to cheerfulness and austere hope through the reunion of Mary with her son in the quiet resting places of the dead, but a suggestion of a world of spirits beyond the grave, and an indication of the resurrection. No one will deny that this may be its idea; for assuredly this picture, unlike most of his paintings, is obscure,—and surely painters as well as philosophers may be allowed to be inconsistent at times.

One more picture, said by many judges to be his greatest achievement, a picture of himself inspired by the music of death. With head raised as if he would not miss one note of the sad, solemn monochrome of the song, which rises from the one-stringed instrument in the hand of death Böcklin stops his work for an instant and listens. The color he wants to mix upon his palette is that which will best reflect this weird and persistent note. Death will not let him miss it, for he will play nothing else, and plays close to his ear. His eye is kindled by it; he sees beyond the forms and shows of things, beyond the world of objects and the shallow round of human life. His whole frame fills and expands as the litany of death sinks into his being, and makes of him its living voice. Yes, he will sing in color the great swan song of death. When he paints spring he will sing it, or summer or autumn, youth or age, sea or shore. He will see it in all nature and find in it the key to history, and when it comes to him he will reach out his hand.

You ask me if this is great art, and I answer: to me it is art, and art of a high order. It fulfils the demand we make upon all art that it should be impressive, that it should charm. And the charm of Böcklin is not the charm of any other artist in word, stone, or colour. I cannot but think that he has earned a place among the immortals. But unless I am mistaken his art is not the greatest, not so great as that of Rubens, or Rembrandt, or Titian, Raphael, Velasquez, or Turner—so far as I know these masters. They are the great positive major chords in the anthem of the world; but the sweet sad minor chord has its lesser, but appropriate place.

Just as the twentieth century was beginning, before the first month of passed quietly away; and now a room is dedicated to his works in every the year 1901 was finished, Böcklin who had been an invalid for some time considerable art gallery in Germany, and throughout all Germany his name is held in reverence.

---

## *Arts.*

THE annual meeting of the Arts Society was held on Tuesday, Feb. 19th. The reports of the secretary, the treasurer and the chairman of the Board of Curators were received.

The secretary reported on the meetings held during the year, mentioning the number of delegates sent to other college functions, and also referring to the fact that there had been no program arranged for during the year. It is to be commented on that so little interest is taken in the meetings of the Arts Society. Perhaps it is because we are so taken up with affairs of our Year Societies that we do not care to devote any time to anything else of

that nature. We believe however, that if a program were arranged, it would be the means of enlivening the meetings which this year have been so devoid of interest. We hope therefore that next year something of this nature will be adopted to retain the Arts Society in the place where it rightly belongs, that is, the representative organization of the Arts students.

One thing noticed with much satisfaction was the increase in the funds of the Society. After paying out quite a large amount, and after giving the curators half of the total collections, the treasurer reported that there was yet \$174 in the treasury. This is very interesting indeed, for it makes us look around to see how we may spend it to the best advantage of the Arts students.

Of course, there no doubt will be a great many outrageous suggestions how to get rid of it; in fact, a notice of motion was given at a late meeting of the Society that \$75 be paid to the Concursus for the administration of justice. The motion was never moved, for the would-be mover, was not present at the following meeting.

The Curators' report showed that they had appointed W. W. Kennedy in the fall of last year, as secretary-treasurer, and had ordered magazines for the coming year. During the year the papers and magazines had been put on the table, except during the Xmas holidays when the mails were not delivered to the University. The matting on the floor had been cleaned and a book case was obtained to hold the magazines. The new board of Curators were elected: Messrs. R. Brydon, (Chairman); G. A. King, J. M. Simpson, D. L. McKay, H. N. McKinnon, and D. J. Fraser.

---

The last debate of the season in connection with the Political Science Debating Club, took place on Wednesday, Feb. 20th. The subject was: "Resolved, that the Study of Natural Science is of more Educational Value than the Study of Literature." The affirmative were S. R. Lewis, and H. N. McKinnon, the negative, J. H. McDonald and W. H. Orok. The audience was not very large, owing to the fine weather, but nevertheless, it did not seem to lessen the warmth or ardor of the debaters. It was a very difficult matter for the judges to decide which side had won out, but they finally gave the decision to the affirmative.

---

The following editorial appeared in the Collier's Weekly, Feb. 16, '07.

"One of our great universities has given to an investigating genius, a degree in science for a thesis on the absorbing topic 'The Longitudinal Vibration of a Rubbed String.' . . . He who seeks doctoral decorations need no longer dig their weary tomes, or give the tired eye to the exacting microscope. He may stay at home and pet the cat as preparation for a disquisition on, 'The Latitudinal Cross-current of Feline Satisfaction' or he may go a fishing and enlighten the gaping world upon, 'The Convolutionary Vibrations of an Empaled Angle-worm,' or again, he may make capital of a minor misfortune, and win himself undying fame as a recognized authority on, 'The Static Secretiveness of a Dropped Collar Button.' When

a modern Aladin can rub a string and summon a Sc.D., home-made degrees should be within reach of ali."

We understand that there are several students at Queen's who have been inspired by this timely editorial and have invaded this newly-opened field of what may be called "the minutiae of every day life," and that several extensive volumes will soon be added to the library where new shelves are already being prepared for them. The names of some of these books were given in the last issue, but unfortunately space will not allow for any sort of a review of them.

---

SUDDEN DEATH GAME.

When the Sons of Kant assembled to play,  
The Pol. Econ. men were in full array.  
In goals there were two quite lengthy men  
Who stood like lions in their den,  
And swept the puck from out their ken,  
And sent it on its way.

The game was played quite clean and neat,  
(That is while the players were on their feet).  
One man upon the "Wattie" side,  
Saw moon and stars the puck beside,  
For he and the ice did oft collide,  
Much like two engines meet.

The game begun, the crowd did roar,  
The players played but couldn't score  
But just one goal; till the second half,  
Then Wilson tried and broke his staff,  
So he went off to join the laugh;  
And have a rest once more.

Then, "Dug" they in, with "() mon' dear!"  
The Philosophers, played but didn't Fear?  
Two goals they made, the score to fix,  
But the Cavalry of the Pol. Econ. six  
With the "biows" of the Cornett,  
And Colquhoun's little tricks,  
In the thick of the battle called forth a cheer.

Gibson and Skene were the giants on the ice,  
Dobson and Shaver fell down only (twice?)  
But the theories of Hegel were of little avail;  
For the Pol. Econ men didn't even turn paie,  
But unto their nets with four goals did they sail  
And led out at the finish by one point precise.

We regret to announce that owing to the pressure of parliamentary duties, Mr. R. L. Borden, will be unable to favor us with his presence and his address this year as was expected.

In the reporting of the last debate, on Jan. 30th, on the Government system of Insurance, a mistake was made. It should have been, "decision in favor of affirmative," instead of "in favor of the negative."

## Medicine.

DURING the last few weeks Dr. Gibson has been busily engaged in stalling the necessary apparatus for the Opsonic treatment of disease. This work is now completed and Dr. Gibson will have demonstrated the method to the students before this issue appears. Queen's is the first Canadian college, so far as we have been able to learn, to undertake this advanced work. Every medical student as well as students of other faculties take a great interest in this method of treating disease and hope that in the near future Queen's will be noted for work along this line.

The Opsonic treatment consists in the administration of vaccines prepared from living cultures of the particular microbe which is causing the disease. These cultures are killed by heat, counted per C. C. and diluted to a certain standard. The treatment is suited to all cases of sub-acute and chronic microbic infections, where, for some cause or other the bacilli have not gained entrance to the lymph or blood channels, and so stimulated the cells of the body to the production of opsonins.

The opsonins sensitize bacteria for phagocytosis and they are present in serum in greater or less amounts, and indicate the degree of phagocytosis which is occurring. Indices are taken at various times during the treatment of cases to determine the amount of opsonin in the blood and gauge the time of dosage.

Class in Therapeutics. Prof.,—How much broth would you give the patient, Mr. All-r?

Joe,—O, wan glass.

Prof.,—But there are all sizes of glasses, the wineglass,—the tumbler,—the schooner. Which would you use?

Joe,—I geev him de schooner.

Prof.,—Y-e-s,—cs—How much does a schooner hold Mr. —sh-r?

Mr. —sh-r, (tentatively) A gallon?

Joe,—(hastily) Oh no, not dat much.

On February 12th, Dr. A. K. Connolly, '04, was married in Vancouver, B. C., to Miss Mary Queen of the same city.

Dr. C-mpb-fl; "Chronic bronchitis, gentlemen, will prove, you will find, a life long *bosom* companion."

At a meeting of the Aesculapian Society held on Feb. 15th, the attention of the members was drawn to the fact, that during this session, '06-'07, the shack at the hospital used by tubercular patients has been occupied solely by Queen's students. This is a grave condition and we must devise means of assisting our more unfortunate fellows in their fight against the Tubercle Bacilli. With this end in view a committee was appointed to enquire into the condition and report to the Society. It would be a good plan if a Queen's "shack" could be built by the Alma Mater Society, say, on the college grounds opposite the Hospital. A working agreement could be made with the Board of Governors of the Hospital and in this way Queen's men would have every care in their illness.

---

You'll find 'em often up in Yates,  
 Unless my eye deceives.  
 Their names alas I must not tell,  
 Which fact me keenly grieves.

---

## Science.

### SCIENCE DANCE.

"LAST but not least" was the verdict of all who were fortunate enough to procure or receive invitations for the fifth annual dance given by the Engineering Society of the School of Mining, on Friday evening, Feb. 8th. The committee in charge spared no pains in their successful endeavor to keep up the favorable reputation this function has heretofore enjoyed. Everything, with the possible exception of a slight hitch, caused by a delay in receiving the programme cards, contributed to make the dance one of the very best, not only of this year, but of former years.

The guests were received at the entrance to Grant Hall by J. L. King, (President of the Engineering Society), and C. Orford, and were introduced to the patronesses: Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs. Gwillim, and Mrs. M. B. Baker. The magnificent floor of Grant Hall was in splendid condition; and Merry's Orchestra even exceeded its old time reputation for providing excellent music, and for its willingness to respond to encores. The refreshments were dainty and promptly served; the decorations unique and very appropriate. An innovation in lighting occasioned much comment. Instead of having electric lamps in clusters, individual lamps, each enclosed by a Chinese lantern, were distributed about several of the rooms. This arrangement was followed in the reading room, where refreshments were served, in the German room, red room, corridor and ambulatories of Grant Hall.

The German room was distinctive of Science. It was fitted up with experimental engines and electrical apparatus, surveying instruments, rods, chains, pickets, a rock drill, picks and shovels. In one corner of the room a tent, "Rodman's Rest," was pitched; and inside slumbered a tired engineer, magazine by his side, candle still burning, and dreaming perhaps of bygone college days.

There appeared in the Journal of Feb. 1, a reprint of a letter that had been sent out inviting the consideration of a plan to extend the activities of the Engineering Society. At the last regular meeting of the Society— (Feb. 15th.), the committee in charge of the matter reported as follows: "To the circular letter, (A.), sent out to all graduates and alumni of the School of Mining we have received a number of answers which to date amounts to about 15 per cent. of the letters sent out. These letters are on file and are open to members of the Society. Without exception the replies are favorable.

We beg to make the following recommendations to the Society:—

1. The Engineering Society shall immediately appoint a permanent Secretary, the office to be confirmed annually.
2. It shall direct that a committee of four be appointed, each year to nominate its own representative; the existing committee to be dissolved as soon as the new one has been confirmed by the Society.
3. The Engineering Society shall undertake the expense of printing and corresponding for the first year, which expense we estimate at \$30.
4. The Society shall instruct its permanent Secretary and Committee, (a) to send the appended circular (B) to each of the graduates of the School of Mining, (b) to open at once an employment bureau for the benefit of students and graduates, (c) to publish a pamphlet containing names, addresses and professional records of all the students and graduates, together with any other information they may deem of interest.

---

CIRCULAR B.

The Engineering Society has opened a bureau of information and employment for graduates and undergraduates.

A permanent Secretary has been appointed, who will reply by letter or telegram to all inquiries.

If you are out of employment or wish a change, if you have a position to fill or know of any vacant positions, write or telegraph the Secretary. This will cost you very little effort and will be of benefit to all.

If you have any suggestions for enhancing the efficiency of the School of Mining let us know.

Fill out the enclosed form, which will assist the Secretary to compile a complete professional directory of the School. Do not fail us in this, as the omission of a single name will render the directory incomplete.

If you know of graduates whom we would not be likely to reach, send us their address.

Send your information at once, as we purpose in April to issue our directory, of which you will receive a copy. The Engineering Society has undertaken all the expense incurred for the first publication.

Notify the Secretary of any change of address.

---

A blank form (C) is to be filled in under the following headings: Name in full, address, course, year of graduation and degrees, present employ-

ment, and professional record (give positions filled, names of companies in full, dates, papers submitted, etc.)

---

The Engineering Society passed a vote of thanks, appreciating the work of the Committee. Much time and thought was required on the part of those upon whom the duty fell, including members of the staff who attended meetings faithfully and freely gave their advice and counsel.

---

Professor Brock lecturing to the Sophomore year in Geology,—“We are coming now to something with which you are all more or less familiar, namely, *bars*.” A stamp was heard, and a laugh followed in which everyone joined, including the Professor, who had not intended springing a joke.

---

A couple of final year Mining students were showing some college girls through the Science buildings on a recent Saturday afternoon. When the Mechanical Laboratory was reached, the professor in charge was found in his shirt sleeves busily engaged in assembling the new air compressor. One of the young ladies exclaimed, “Oh, George! do you have to take off your coat and work like that?” Exit George.

---

The other day at a breakfast table a Queen's girl was observed rubbing her eyes. Some one said, “I suppose Miss R—— you have *sands* in your eyes?”

---

On Tuesday, Feb. 12th, the entire final year, accompanied by Prof. F. O. Willhofft, visited the works of the Canadian Locomotive Company.

---

## Divinity.

OUR contribution to the Journal for this issue is mainly a recording of the “good things” which it has been our lot to enjoy during the past few days, through the kindness and thoughtfulness of our professors. On Friday evening last, we enjoyed our annual gathering at the home of Dr. Ross. As a faculty we divinities are *not large*, but this has its advantages, as is shown in such gatherings as these where we can all meet at one time, thus feeling a bond of unity which cannot be felt to the same degree in a large faculty. As host and hostess, Dr. and Mrs. Ross are unsurpassed, and every year we feel more and more the influence of the Doctor's genial personality as we thus meet with him in his home. We receive much from our professors in our class work and lectures, but perhaps the influence which will be longest and most deeply felt, will be that which we receive from them when we meet them privately, or in gatherings such as these where all academic restrictions, real or imaginary, are for the time being, laid aside, and we meet on more familiar terms, and in a quiet informal way. We are all greatly indebted to Dr. Ross for his warm interest in us, and his

kindness in giving us this year again the enjoyment of his hospitality, as he did last week.

To Mrs. Ross also, we are each especially indebted for what was not only a token of genuine kindness and liberality on her part, but a most pleasing surprise to each of us, viz.,—a complimentary ticket to the Thompson-Seton lecture the following Monday evening. The lecture, which was both entertaining and profitable, will not soon be forgotten by us, nor in connection therewith, this unlooked-for kindness of Mrs. Ross.

Shortly after the gathering at Dr. Ross's the "even tenor of our way" was broken by the dinner at Principal Gordon's. What a subject for the editor of dry old Divinity Hall! The dinner,—unused to recording such events, how can we do justice to it? Then came the speeches full of humor, advice, and discussion, of problems of interest to University and Church. The Principal in calling upon the speakers, spoke briefly asking students and professors to consider whether there was any means of bringing students in Divinity into closer touch with those in Arts who were intending to enter upon a Theological course. He then called upon Dr. Watson. After hearing his speech, we agree with the student whom Dr. Watson overheard after the hockey dinner, remarking, "Isn't Wattie a funny old fellow." In answer to Principal Gordon's question Professor Watson thought that there was need of closer union between Divinity and *all* the Arts students. He thought that the union as found in McGill College was a much better means of bringing students together than the functions which are so common at Queen's. Dr. Ross was then called upon. No one can forget the delicate humor with which Dr. Ross compared the students of today with the students of several decades ago. He referred to the trouble in England today where Rev. R. J. Campbell's views have caused such discussion in theological circles. The critics of Mr. Campbell he thought should recognize that there may be truth on both sides. Truth is not contained in any one party or creed. Prof. Dyde then spoke briefly of his work in laying the foundation of Divinity students' philosophical training. As a member of one of the Church Union committees, he asked an expression of opinion as to the nature of work that should be required in a three years Arts course preparatory to the Theological course. Prof. Jordan followed Dr. Dyde briefly speaking of the Queen's spirit, emphasizing the necessity both of cultivating a spirit loyal to one's Alma Mater and of recognizing the value of work done elsewhere. Dr. McTavish, Dr. Mackie and Prof. McNaughton followed with short speeches, dealing with the work of the minister and emphasizing especially the need of individuality. After singing a few college songs, our evening's enjoyment was ended. All are thankful to our Principal for these evenings of pleasure and for the opportunities they give us of knowing our professors better.

Rev. Douglas Fraser addressed the Missionary Society last week, giving an account of the Sabbath School publications of our Church.

We are glad to see C. C. Strachan back at Queen's. He has spent some time in the West since graduating.

---

## *Athletics.*

### BASKETBALL.

**B**Y defeating McGill in the return game on Feb. 16th, Queen's won the inter-collegiate basketball championship. The game was very close and interesting throughout, as is shown by the final score 32-23. Queen's began with a rush and scored two baskets almost immediately. Then McGill settled down to business and though never ahead, kept the score close all through the half, the count being 16-11 when the whistle blew. The second half was a repetition of the first, each team practically doubling its score. The McGill men were considerably heavier but lacked the speed of Queen's and had not the lightning combination and accurate shooting. The checking was close and hard all through and a good many fouls were called, Queen's being the principal offender. For McGill, Lock at centre and Forbes on the forward line played a star game, while for Queen's, Lawson and Sully did some particularly brilliant work.

The teams lined up:—McGill: Crombie and McCallum, defence; Lock, centre; Forbes and McGuire, forwards.

Queen's: Saint and Craig, defence; Lawson, centre; Sully and Dunlop, forwards.

---

For the inter-year championship, only one more match has to be played. '09 defeated '10 by 38-4 and '08 defeated '10 by 16-2; '07 has defaulted, so that it remains for '09 and '08 to play off.

---

### HOCKEY.

Nothing could be more surprising than the struggle for the inter-collegiate championship in hockey this year. All the decisive matches were "walk-overs," Varsity winning out in the first three games: while the last two matches turned out exactly opposite to what everyone expected. Queen's always was Varsity's hoo-doo, and, just as in football in the fall, we proved ourselves the better team at the end of the season, though everlastingly walloped in the beginning, so in hockey. Although badly defeated here, we turned the tables in Toronto and contrary to all expectations beat Varsity without trouble. Then things looked brighter and we expected to win from McGill here, but, alas, McGill was out for victory too and had too strong a team. Since we played McGill in Montreal, she has strengthened wonderfully and is now undoubtedly the strongest team in the league. But she was too slow in waking up and allowed Varsity to run off with the cup in the first of the season.

The game against Varsity in Toronto on Feb. 9th was won by 2-1. The ice was very slow and sticky or the score would no doubt have been

much larger. Varsity must have been out at a party the night before or else were suffering from a bad attack of over-confidence, as they were all quite listless, except in one spot when Martin managed to connect with the Queen's net. Anything that came near the Queen's goal, Mills easily disposed of though some of his stops were quite sensational. At cover, Pennock played a brilliant game: he seemed to be able to rush at will through the whole Varsity line and to him one of the goals is due. Campbell, who played a fast and dangerous game, scored the other. Varsity was evidently much surprised at the result but perhaps in time they will learn that we are not "quitters."

The last match of the series, when McGill played here on Feb. 15th, was the best seen here this year. The ice was fast, the crowd large and the style of play stellar. Gilmour and Patrick gave the finest exhibition of stick-handling seen for some years. Time and time again they rushed the whole length of the rink and it was only the magnificent work of our defence that prevented a large score. In the first few minutes McGill piled up four goals: but Queen's were steadier and by half-time had evened up. In the second half McGill had considerably the best of the game, though Queen's fought to the finish and the result was always uncertain. At no time was McGill more than three goals ahead and near the end several of their men were evidently wanting wind. Right to the end the game was thoroughly contested and full of excitement. The final score was 9-7.

The teams lined up. Varsity: goal, Keith; point, Harold Clarke; cover, Martin; rover, Southam; centre, Herb. Clarke; left, Davidson; right, Toms.

Queen's: goal, Mills; point Macdonnell; cover, Pennock; rover, McLaughlin; centre, Crawford; left, Campbell; right, Curtin.

McGill: goal, Waugh; point Macdonald; cover, Patrick; rover, Gilmour; centre, H. Raphael; left, G. Raphael; right, Powell.

Queen's: goal, Mills; point, Macdonnell; cover, McKenzie; rover, McLaughlin; centre, Crawford; left, Curtin; right, Campbell.

---

On Saturday, Feb. 16th, the annual meeting of the Inter-collegiate Hockey Union was held, President Stephens in the chair. The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. Pres., Prof. McCurdy, Varsity; Pres. Wm. Martin, Varsity; Vice-Pres., Hugh Macdonnell, Queen's; Sec.-Treas., J. Powell, McGill. An interesting item of business was the setting aside of \$75.00 for an intermediate cup, and also \$15.00 for trophies for senior champions.

---

If nothing else is booming here just now, at least boarding-house hockey is. Those who have not been able to catch one of the college teams by no means intend to miss a lot of fun and so the Royal Rink has become very popular. At any time of day or night one passing by the Royal Rink may see a game in progress between the "Hotel de Bum" and "Roosters' Rest," "Kilmarnock Castle" and the "Frat." etc., etc. Wild and woolly are the games and many are the deeds of heroism. Several matches have been

played all round, Mrs. Eby's and Alfred Street leading the list: each has won four games and only lost one. Their prominence is chiefly owing, however, to their possessing the dirtiest players in college, viz., Omond and Carmichael. As a matter of fact the only house playing hockey that has not met defeat is Mrs. Dawson's: they are a bunch of whirl-winds. Boarding house hockey is a good thing: it will develop some good material.

---

## Alumni.

THE following notice appears in the Oxford Magazine:—"A very interesting series of lectures is announced to be given at Mansfield College during the course of the present term by Mr. T. R. Glover, Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, who was formerly Professor of Latin in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario. The lecturer is well known in Oxford from his *Studies in Vergil* and *Life and Letters in the Fourth Century*; and the subject he has chosen,—*"The Conflict of Religions in the Early Roman Empire,"*—is of the very greatest interest. There will be four lectures, the dates and titles being as follows:—January 23, Introductory—the Situation; February 6, Seneca and Epictetus; February 20, Plutarch; March 6, Jesus. This is the first series of the Dale Memorial Lectures and Mr. Glover is to be succeeded in the lectureship by Sir. William M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen

---

On Thursday, Jan. 24th, Miss Mary E., daughter of Mrs. Celia A. Lowry, of Kingston, was married to Rev. Charles C. Whiting, M.A., B.D., Queen's '02, of Rosebank, Manitoba.

Miss Jean K. Bertram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Bertram, of Dundas, was recently married to Dr. Alexander Pirie, Queen's, '87, of Cartago, Costa Rico.

Miss Lily Shaw, B.A., '03, of Kingston, has passed her examinations at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, where she obtained first class honors in the primary theory papers.

Mr. Augustus Richmond, B.Sc., formerly of Kingston, has returned here on his vacation.

Another visitor to the city is Mr. T. U. Fairlie, B.Sc., '05.

Mr. George Grover, B.Sc., '02, is intending shortly to remove to Toronto, where he will interest himself in real estate.

---

## Exchanges.

WE have received the current numbers of the following:—*Edinburgh Student*; *The Oxford Magazine*; *Glasgow University Magazine*; *T. C. D.*; *The News-Letter*, from John's Hopkins University; *The Varsity*; *McGill Outlook*; *Acta Victoriana*, from Victoria University; *McMaster Monthly*; *University of Ottawa Review*; *The Manitoba College Journal*; *The Hya Yaka*, from the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario; *The Presbyterian College Journal*, from The Presbyterian College Montreal; *The Notre*

*Dame Scholastic; The Collegian*, from St. Mary's College, Oakland California; *North Carolina University Magazine; The Dial*, from St. Mary's College, Kansas; *The Wells College Chronicle*, from Welles Ladies' College, Aurora, New York; *Vox Collegii*, from Ontario Ladies' College.

---

ODE TO THE SEASONS.

I.

Hail, Spring, thou dew-bathed child of sun and mist,  
 With kindly nurture swell the greening vales!  
 Hail, Hebe, with thy cup of amethyst!  
 (It hails!)

II.

Full-blooded Summer, thou whose clinging breath  
 Swoons o'er the rich-clad hills and purpled plains,  
 Reign Thou, and quell the might of sovran Death!  
 (It rains!)

III.

Thou, sunburnt Autumn in whose russet lap  
 Lies heaped the mellowed plenty,—bless our shores!  
 Pour, pour thy wines; thy golden fruits unwrap!  
 (It pours!)

IV.

Come, Winter, come: at Eura's trumpet call,  
 Come strew the sapless leaves, hush Musca's buzz;  
 Snow, blow, rain, hail, smile, scowl, scorch, freeze us all!  
 (It does!)

---

The February number of the *Manitoba College Journal* is the Annual Class Number,—a commendable feature of each volume of this publication. The result of devoting space to the effusions of the various years is not only friendly inter-year rivalry, and a better class spirit, but much dormant literary ability is roused to action. Quoting from the Journal's Editorial notes:—"As a result of this class number we have on file, catalogued and classified, the works of nearly fifty new poets." "The number and quality of the cartoons mark a big advance over former years, and show that more than a little artistic ability is present among our students."

---

ORIGIN OF HARVARD COLORS.

At the banquet in Hotel Somerset, Boston, given by Harvard men to the Varsity crew of 1906, President Charles W. Eliot, lapsing into a reminiscent mood, explained the origin of crimson as the Harvard color, saying:

"Professor Agassiz and I were on the six-oar crew, the first crew to represent the College. One day we came into Boston and purchased six

large, crimson handkerchiefs for the crew. They were of a deep crimson, and from that day to this, crimson has been the college color."

*The Concordiensis.*

---

EHEU! FUGACES HORAE!

Of man's first tardy rising and the fruit  
Of that forbidden sleep whose mortal snore  
Brought strife into the house and all his woe,  
With loss of ticket and all hope of prize,  
And forfeiture of that once blissful seat  
Where erst with modest rectitude he sate  
In the front bench among the guided youth,  
Sing, academic muse!  
In Morpheus' arms long time he slumbered deep,  
Till, like stern Nemesis, thundering on the door.  
Thus the rathe housemaid: "Mon, you're awful late;  
Apollo now his burning course doth hold  
Across the roseate heavens; it's chappit eight!"  
Thus spake she, and the maiden, swift of foot  
Descends the lofty stair. But, ah! she leaves  
Such anguish and perplexity and pain!  
'Tis but a moment since his watch said six,  
Now two hours past; and so from hour to hour  
We sleep and sleep, and thereby cometh bale.  
What muse shall sing the ending of my song?  
Shall gentle Clio, staid Calliope,  
Or flower-crowned Euterpe with her flute  
Assistance bring? Nay, come Melpomene,  
Wreathing with cypress dark thy tragic brow.  
Sing the sad tale of woe and hurry-scurry,  
The neglected meal, and all unbrushed  
The hyacinthine locks. Oh woe! oh woe!  
What rushing, pushing, clamouring is here,  
What wingèd words vain spoken at the gate  
To the stern guardian of the bolted door,  
Cruel, unmoved! "Too late!"  
Too late! In silent grief he leaves the door  
Resolving to attend an early class no more.

*W. & M. in Glasgow Univ. Magazine.*

---

SHAKESPEARE.

The truest measure of Shakespeare is his unconsciousness of himself. His was too vast to be comprehended by his own thought; he so far surpassed all known standards that he had none for estimating himself; and so, apparently, he made no estimate beyond what might be set down in

pounds sterling. He seems in his unconscious greatness almost to lose the qualities of a man, and to be a simple voice of universal nature.

*The Atlantic Monthly.*

## *Jocoseria.*

Prof. Adam Shortt is to be called before a parliamentary committee to state his views upon co-operative societies.—*Whig*.

This should be a warning to other professors to hold no views. Is parliament contemplating marriage-legislation?

The London *Punch* addressed us the other day, as "The Queen's Universal Journal." We appreciate the intended compliment, although, until we remembered Mr. *Punch's* notorious melancholy, we thought he was poking a bit of fun at us. But we have been told that he never forgets himself in that way.

There was a young tutor named W-ll-c-,  
To Hebrew at eight he would call us,  
And then he would hammer  
At syntax and grammar  
In a way that proved Davidson flawless.

### *Clippings from Olympian Limps.*

Neptune paid ye Editor a visit on Tuesday, and also his subscription. They have been having it pretty wet down his way, but business is good. He has heard no reports from the Sea of Japan for sometime. Call again, Nep. Alexander the Fireplace and his son, Alexander the Grate, have gone to the Vale of Tempe for a week's firing (shooting, you know).

Mr. Joe Pericles was seen going down the Broad Road on Sunday in his new brass-tired chariot. Miss Aspasia has returned from Ladies' College.

Mrs. Xantippe has served notices on the hotel-keepers, in regard to her husband's drinking habits. She claims he will kill himself with drink.

We hear a boy in Sparta was seriously wounded by a fox last week. Some means should be taken to get rid of these pests.

Socrates is laid up with a severe cold. He got a serious wetting last week.

H-ff.—after the German Club's entertainment, "Say, boys: if I'd known a little more German, I'd have made a few *cursor*y remarks to D-tw--e-r."

D-tw--l-r: "H-ff's pronunciation is a trifle shaky. Did he mean to insinuate that I came there by a *fluke*, or as a *Fluch*?"

Lowe's solo at the German Club stirred the souls of some of his hearers to song. As they wended their way homewards these "mingled notes came

softened from below," to the lone upper window of a busy med. on Union Street:

H-ff,—“Morgen, muss ich fort von hier.”

H-nn,—“Müde bin ich, geh' zu Ruh.”

Wm. H-y,—(in slightly Parisian accent)—“Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten.”

D-tw-l-r,—Huff's Ruh ist hin: Huff's Herz ist schwer. Er bringt sie mit nimmer und nimmer mehr.

C-nn-l,—*Ich bin* wie eine Blume.

Al-x L-rd describing experiences at the. “Coop.”

“I threw my arms around her,  
The color left her cheek,  
And I couldn't get it off my coat  
For many and many a week.

He was heard to remark,  
When about to expire:  
“The future looks bright,  
But it may be the fire.”

The students are urged to attend the second recital, “The Winter's Tale,” to be given by Miss Williams, under the auspices of the Dramatic Club, on Monday, March 4th, in Convocation Hall. The attendance at the first recital was not as large as the character of the recital merited, not large enough to show that Queen's students, as a body, take any interest in the literary interpretations of life, not large enough to pay expenses.

## CALENDAR.

### ALMA MATER SOCIETY

Every Saturday evening at 7.30

### Y. M. C. A.

Every Friday at 4 p.m.

March 8th—“Conclusions Drawn from the Sermon on the Mount,” A. H. Gibson.

March 15th—Graduating Class.

### MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

Every Saturday morning at 11.

March 9th—“Church Union and Home Missions.” Rev. M. F. Munroe, B.A.

### Y. W. C. A.

Meets Friday at 4 p.m. weekly.

March 8th—Mrs. Shortt will address the meeting.

March 15th—Annual Business Meeting and Farewell.

### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

Monday, March 11th—Annual meeting.

### DRAMATIC CLUB.

Monday, March 4th—Reading of *The Winter's Tale* by Miss Minnie Williams.

NOTE—Secretaries of the various societies and clubs and years are requested to inform the Associate Editor of any errors or omissions in this list and to furnish him with dates and programmes of any meetings they wish announced.